From The Threshold of The Year To Come

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/3073532.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Oral Sex, Masturbation, New Year's Kiss, Alcohol, Established Relationship, Originally Posted on Tumblr
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of Season One-Inspired Hannigram: One-Shots
Stats:	Published: 2015-01-01 Words: 1,487 Chapters: 1/1

From The Threshold of The Year To Come

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

A little New Year's Day sweetness.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will awoke confused, and with a start.

He wasn't in his front room, where he usually slept, surrounded by dogs.

He also wasn't alone.

It took a few moments, and a greater awareness of the mild ache in his head, to realize he was in his house, but in a different room; one of the usually disused bedrooms. Disused, that is, except for when Hannibal came to spend the night. As he evidently had done; Will shifted, and felt the familiar, warm and strong body next to his.

The pain was due to champagne, which Hannibal had insisted upon bringing to toast the New Year. Will insisted it always gave him a headache, but Hannibal had begun to wax poetic about tradition. And after they'd kissed deeply at the stroke of midnight, once Will had drunk his glass, he couldn't resist another. And another. It was exquisite, far exceeding Hannibal's usual astronomical standards. *It must have cost a small fortune*, Will reflected. The bubbles had gone right to his head. They'd kissed in front of Will's fireplace for an uncountable time; just lips, the delicate taste of the drink, and tongues sliding past each other until they could no longer breathe. He'd wanted to do more than just kiss, but the fire was so warm, and this was so relaxing…

He had a vague, embarrassing recollection of Hannibal putting him to bed about an hour later, forgoing their plans of staying up half the night and enjoying each other fully. He had apparently begun to drift off in Hannibal's embrace.

Will remembered insisting that he'd make it up to him the next morning. Well, it was the next morning. It wasn't mere obligation that drove him to press up against Hannibal's back. It was the feeling like he'd caused them to both miss out on something sweet and alluring last night that caused him to start caressing Hannibal's smooth, muscular ass, feeling him begin to stir. Perhaps there was a hint of superstition in his desire to start the first morning of the New Year entangled in Hannibal's arms.

His hand wound up and over Hannibal's hip, to draw fingers against his hardening cock, up and down, slowly, languidly; they had all the time in the world. New Year's Day, to spend in bed, to cook, to walk in the cold, crisp air.

Wakening, Hannibal hummed his appreciation with a sleep-thickened voice. He began moving his hips, not quite thrusting into Will's hand as fingers curled around his length. He pressed back, against Will's hardness which had become obvious, a telling sign of shared pleasure at Hannibal's arousal.

Will rested his chin against the bend of his neck, and kissed. He moved his hand away, and began to shift his body, as Hannibal turned his. Kissing down the length of Hannibal's lean muscle, Will maneuvered his head to rest against his thigh.

He could see what he was doing now, and started to trace the ridges and veins of Hannibal's cock, so beautiful in his somewhat smaller hands. His body was almost perpendicular to

Hannibal's who stroked his thighs.

Taking him into his mouth next was impossible to resist. Rewarded with a sharp intake of breath, Will lightly sucked at the head. Since the evening before had ended before he could get to do this, Will wanted to savor the experience as much as possible. He pressed his tongue gently into the slit, and took more into his mouth.

Hannibal stretched as Will licked and sucked; he couldn't think of a more marvelous way to be awakened on the first day of the year, than to have his cock slowly sink into the warm wetness of Will's eager mouth. He felt Will's lips stretch to accommodate the thickness of him, as he took more and more, incrementally, until Hannibal felt the head of his cock press against the back of Will's throat. Small sighs and deep moans fell from his lips as his breathing quickened. Will drew his lips along the length, slowly in and out, establishing an unhurried rhythm.

Reaching out to pull Will closer, Hannibal grasped his hips, and brought him along the smooth sheets, until Will was alongside his body. He watched as Will's cock, fully hard, twitched each time Hannibal thrust a little into his mouth. One finger he drew up and down the length of him, until a bead of precum appeared; Hannibal pressed his thumb to it, and used it to slicken his hand. He moved up and down the shaft more freely now, circling thumb and forefinger, and felt Will moan around his cock, still buried deep within his mouth.

Much as Will found it impossible to forbear, Hannibal gently tongued at Will's cock, flushed pink like the color that crept up his abdomen to his chest. Skin so warm, and soft in his mouth, Hannibal savored the taste of him; sweet, salt, a dark essence of Will that filled his senses. He breathed it in.

Together, they moved, deliberate and patient with each other. Hannibal wrapped his arm around Will's hips, moving his hand up, and feeling the flexing of his muscles. He brought Will's length deeper into his mouth this way, swallowing around the thickest part of him.

Giving and receiving pleasure simultaneously like this was breathtaking for Will, opening for him a vast expanse of sensation and emotion. He could feel Hannibal's mouth on him, and knew what Hannibal was feeling at the same time. He felt like he could do this forever. Climax fell to secondary importance; all was heat and sliding and glorious touch. He found he could time his breathing quite easily to allow Hannibal to fuck his throat, as he began to do. His movements synched, but in an opposing fashion; slowing down as Hannibal sped up, but still thrusting just as deep.

For Hannibal, the act was more carnal than meditative, but no less transcendent. Will was so open to him, giving himself over actively and readily. He began to feel the inevitable waves coursing luxuriantly through his body. He gripped Will's ass tighter, and thrust harder, until he began to cum, spilling hot down Will's open throat. His mouth was still tight around Will's cock as he did, and something of his orgasm's intensity transferred to Will, who was almost brought to the edge himself.

But he pulled himself back, wanting only to experience Hannibal's feelings in that moment, and the taste of him. Will didn't want to overwhelm that part of the experience.

When Hannibal had ceased his movements, he withdrew from Will’s mouth, and rapidly maneuvered his body. He positioned himself between Will’s legs, propped up on an elbow,and whispered only: “Watch me.”

Will did as he was instructed. One thing missing from the previous experience was the visual aspect; now he could see what was causing him to feel so wonderful. Hannibal’s full lips taking his cock, tongue sliding along, up and down his length, circling from the head, down the underside. A broad, warm hand massaging his balls. The first moments of that morning had centered on Hannibal’s pleasure, the following ones on pleasure shared. Now, it would conclude with the tactile and the sight of Hannibal, studying Will’s face as he watched. He began to involuntarily buck his hips, thrusting deeper.

Lips parted, words and sounds falling uncontrolled, portions of things he wanted to say, or couldn’t stop saying, even if he wanted to: “yes,” and “beautiful,” and “please,” punctuated by gasps and growls; he let go, driving deeper, Hannibal swallowing all Will gave.

He stayed where he was for a few moments, allowing Will to recover slightly. But soon, Hannibal moved up along Will's body, lingering at the flushed places along the way. Will was warm, but trembling as if cold. Hannibal wrapped himself around him, and the shivering stopped when he kissed him deeply, tasting himself on Will's lips.

He traced Will's ribcage idly, as his breathing came back to a more regular rate.

“Such an extraordinarily beautiful way to start the New Year. One might think you planned it for weeks,” Hannibal said softly.

Will almost laughed.

“I would have thought my performance last night, or lack thereof, would convince you otherwise. I'm not apt to plan acting on instinct. You bring it out in me, the propensity for spontaneity.”

Nodding against him, Hannibal smiled.

“We should get up, Will.”

“Do we have to?”

It was Hannibal's turn to laugh.

“We can always return.”

“I caught some fish yesterday. We can have it later. Go for a walk. And yes, go back to bed. Preferably more than once.”

Reluctantly, Hannibal shifted himself free, and kissed Will a final time before getting up. Framed by the light in the doorway, he looked back and smiled at Will, who had the strangest feeling of hope for the year to come.

An auspicious beginning indeed.

End Notes

A little New Year's Day Hannigram. (I'm not good at Christmas stories, but this is very nice and fitting for the day!)

The title is from Alfred Lord Tennyson:

"Hope smiles from the threshold of the year to come, whispering, 'It will be happier'." -The Foresters or, Robin Hood and Maid Marian

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!